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SATURDAY
JANUARY 2, 1954

The sad news of Duff's death came through this morning. Diana and he were on a French ship near Vigo, bound for a holiday in the West Indies. He appears to have been stricken with an intestinal hemmorhage like the one he suffered from last autumn. What a tragedy! He was so happy, his book "Old Men Forget" was on the full tide of success, and, most important of all, beautiful, divine Diana adored him.

I bought this afternoon a fine eighteenth century Chinese table from C. T. Loo's place on Rue de Courcelles. I asked after my old friend Loo's health and was told he is caressing his twilight years philosophically (and prosperously) in Greenwich, Connecticut. I have not seen him since the occasion when he showed me a pair of small blanc de blanc saucers in his private collection and asked what ran through my mind as I looked at them. I answered: "What wonderful ash trays they would make." He replied: "It would be quite a luxury to have two ash trays worth ten thousand dollars each."

We left tonight from the Gare de l'Est, with Brucie and Carlos, on the Heleberg Express for Bad Gastein. The children will go later in the evening for a three-week stay in Switzerland.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE A/CDC/MR
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